

Anderson Intelligencer.

BY CLINKSCALES & LANGSTON.

ANDERSON, S. C., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1897.

VOL. XXXIII. NO. 19

IS IT POSSIBLE?

Well, I guess so. Just drop in and see for yourself that we are doing it and still live.

Magnificent Parlor Lamp, 34 inches high, 42 inches in circumference, to go for 25c. If not sold before it reaches that price, beginning at \$9.00 even on Saturday, Oct. 16th, and reduced 25c. each week-day until sold. Full value \$12.50. Watch your chance and buy when it strikes your figure.

A \$2.50 Lemonade Set to go the same way. Price reduced 10c. per day. A good quality Jeans for 7c. per yard. A better one for 3c. per yard. A square deal article for 10c. Up-to-date and anti-tariff prices on our 124c, 15c, 18c, and 22c. Goods. Above bought especially for our bargain-hunting customers, but will sell to all at same price.

Men's real Woolen Undershirts and Drawers at 37c. each down to the cheapest.

Ladies' Fleece lined. A few Sets Silver Plated on Steel Knives and Forks at 75c. Set.

A few Sets Solid Tea and Table Spoons at 40c. and 75c. Set. Bought by our Mr. Ricks at special price, and we let go at a little above cost.

Pocket Books and Purses 2c, 3c, 5c, and on.

A good Barlow Knife for 5c. A dandy for a dime. A fifty cents knife at 25c.

A 75c. Razor for 48c. Razor Straps 5c. and 10c.

Agate Iron Coffee Pots at 20c, 25c, and 35c.

Same in Dish Pans at 40c. for 14-part size.

Plated Tea Spoons 8c. Set. Plated Table Spoons 15c. Set.

Two Papers Hair Pins for 1c. A big China Doll for 3c.

Best grade French Shoe Blacking five boxes for 5c.

Mourning Pins two packages for 5c. 100 Fancy Brass-head Tacks for 5c.

Boys' Caps, 25c. kind, for 10c. Boys' Waist, with button for pants, for 10c.

Box Paper, 15c. kind, for 7c. and 9c. Box Paper, 10c. kind, for 4c.

Lead Pencils, with rubbers, 5c. doz. Flower Pots, made of red clay, half-gill to five gallon size.

Tweezers, steel, for 4c. Spiral Egg Beaters 5c.

Scissors 3c, 5c, to 35c for best Steel Scissors properly tempered.

Three-cornered Files, till gone, at three for 5c.

Can Openers, good, at two for 5c. Combs 2c, 3c, and 10c for a first-class one.

Talcum Powder 5c. a box. Best quality Pearl Buttons at 7c. to 10c. dozen.

Odd Knives and Forks, bought by our Mr. Ricks at special sale. You can have them for a fraction above cost, or less than factory cost.

Heavy Nail Hammers 8c. Hatchets 10c.

Alarm Clocks 60c. Good Padlocks 5c, 10c and 15c.

Asbestos Stove Mats, will not burn, 4c.

Tracing Wheels, best, 5c. Good Linen Cuffs 10c. pair.

Have got another lot of Heavy Homespun at 3c. and 4c. for yard-wide.

Heavy Drills, 4c. The heaviest made for 5c. per yard.

Now, how does that strike you, eh? They will tell you that these things cost more. That we will lose money on them, and all that kind of rot.

Just what they told you eight years ago. It's nothing new to us. And yet we have rushed right on—up, up, up. Never looking to the right or the left, till we stand head and shoulders above everything in the race for fame and fortune. For Spot Cash—one small profit, and one only, on each item.

First-class Goods always for sound money paid. We are—
C. S. MINOR and the
TEN CENT STORE,
27 South side of Public Square.

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the late A. S. Stephens, or to the Firm of Reed & Stephens, either by Note or open Account, are hereby notified that they must be settled at once, or they will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection.

PAUL E. STEPHENS,
Administrator.

Oct 27, 1897 18

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
ANDERSON COUNTY.

By R. M. Burriess, Judge of Probate.

WHEREAS, J. T. Farrow has applied to me to grant him Letters of Administration on the Estate and effects of Pearl Farrow, deceased.

These are therefore to cite and admonish all kindred and creditors of the said Pearl Farrow, deceased, to be and appear before me in Court of Probate, to be held at Anderson C. H. on the 10th day of November, 1897, after publication hereof, to show cause, if any they have, why the said Administration should not be granted. Given under my hand, this 23d day of October, 1897.

R. M. BURRIESS, Judge Probate.
Oct 27, 1897 18

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

All persons having demands against the Estate of M. B. Williams, deceased, are hereby notified to present them, properly proven, to the undersigned within the time prescribed by law, and those indebted to make payment.

M. BERRY WILLIAMS, Adm'r.
Oct 27, 1897 18

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

The undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Louis J. Garrison, deceased, hereby give notice that he will on the 27th day of November, 1897, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County for a Final Settlement of said Estate, and a discharge from his office as Administrator.

JOHN A. GARRISON, Adm'r.
Oct 27, 1897 18

B. O. EVANS & CO., OUTFITTERS TO MEN.

The plain, simple Truth as told by reliable Clothing People.

WE have the cleanest, newest, nobbiest and most stylish Clothing and Furnishings in the City! This is the verdict of good Clothing buyers. As to prices—well, we sell them, but not at Cost. Don't have to. Our prices make them sell. However, we guarantee prices as low as any mortal man.

When it comes to Fits and Style and Quality we are head and shoulders above all others.

Men's Suits—not shoddy—\$5.00. Pure wool goods, worth any man's time to look at. \$7.50 Men's Suits. Well, to be straight, they are worth more money, but we sell them close. Styles and Patterns equal to the finest, in Plaids, Stripes, Broken Plaids, and our Flannel Blue and Black French Worsteds (\$7.50) as good as money can buy.

\$10.00, \$12.50 and \$15.00 Men's Suits.

The proper thing to wear is a three or four button, round-out Sack, in rough effect; also, in smooth-finish Plaids, tailored up to the standard.

Specials in \$18.00, \$20.00 and \$22.50 as correct in styles as an artist can make, and as perfectly tailored as human hands can construct.

Boys' and Children's Suits. Well, we take a back seat for no one. Style, quality, workmanship and grace of fit are very conspicuous in every garment.



Stetson Hats

Have Brains in Them

Yes, there are brains in Stetson Hats—brains in making them and brains in wearing them.

New Fall Styles in Stiff and Soft Hats on sale. It's a wise head that wears a Stetson Hat.

We have them at all prices. When you buy a Hat of us it's right. We are on the lookout for every one that does not give satisfaction.

These cool mornings call for something else—Woolen Underwear. We are the people. Suits from \$1.00 to \$5.00—the finest that's made.

Our \$2.00 Men's Shoes still worries competitors. Comparisons solicited.

B. O. Evans & Co. RED FRONT.

The Famous

Realizes that the low price of Cotton drives people to rigid economy, hence our extremely LOW PRICES!

Boys' Suits, formerly \$1.00 now 75c.
Boys' Suits, formerly \$1.50 now \$1.25.
Boys' Suits formerly \$2.00 now \$1.45.
Men's Suits formerly \$5.00 now \$3.75.
Men's Suits formerly \$6.75 now \$5.25.
Men's Suits formerly \$9.00 now \$7.00.

MILLINERY, MILLINERY.

At prices to meet the present decline in Cotton.

Ladies' Sailor Hats from 10c. up.
Ladies' Trimmed Hats, usually sold everywhere for \$2.00—our price now \$1.25.
Ladies' Capes, worth 75c., now 50c.
Ladies' Capes, worth \$1.25, now 98c.
Ladies' Capes, worth \$1.75, now \$1.25.

You can save from 15 to 30 per cent by patronizing—

THE FAMOUS,
14 Brick Range, West Side Public Square.
L. GEISBERG, Proprietor.

POPULAR GOODS

Please our Customers. That's why we Sell

Ivory Soap, Royal Baking Powders, Hecker's Buckwheat, Oatmeal, Kingan's Hams, Heinz's Pickles, Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, Octagon Soap, N. Y. Biscuit Co's. Fancy Crackers, Lea & Perrin's Worcester Sauce, Lowmyer's Candy, Star Navy Tobacco, Harvey's Natural Leaf, Drummond's Natural Leaf, Pillsbury's "Best" Flour, Baker's Chocolate and Cocoa, Kingan's Lard, Scheef's Coconut, and Success Cigars.

Also, the best of everything to be had in our line.

ALSO, REMEMBER!

We handle Lamps, Glassware, Crockery, Pottery, Woodenware, Tinware, Shoes, Dry Goods, Cutlery, and a general line of essential Notions at—

POPULAR PRICES.

H. B. FANT & SON.

New Crop New Orleans Molasses just received. Phone 89.

STATE NEWS.

—There are now 750 prisoners in the State Penitentiary.

—Marion county furnished eight murder cases for the October term of court.

—J. W. Bacot, of Charleston, will enter the race for Judge against Judge Benet.

—Saluda county is about ten months old and has averaged a murder a month.

—More rooms have been engaged at the Aiken hotels for the coming season than ever before.

—An attempt was made last Friday night to assassinate Deputy Sheriff Gaillard, of Sumter, as he was driving along the road.

—Mr. William Lusk, of Greenville county, was badly injured by his mules running away. His head was caught between the wagon and a load of lumber.

—Last Friday night Stephen Bryant, a convict from Marion county, committed suicide in his cell at the penitentiary by stabbing himself in the throat with a pair of scissors.

—Lynching is feared in Orangeburg. A negro man killed a policeman there a few days ago and to prevent Judge Lynch taking a hand in the matter the man was removed to the Sumter jail.

—The committee appointed by the last re-union of veterans in Greenville on the erection of a monument to the women of the Confederacy are called to meet in Columbia on Wednesday of next week.

—One Newberry farmer, John T. McKittrick, has decided not to sell another bale of cotton for less than seven cents, and he wants to know how many farmers in the South will join him in this determination.

—Mr. Christensen has started a b-pie factory in Beaufort that gives employment to fourteen hands. South Carolina cobs are too soft to stand fire and he imports them from Missouri.

—His first car load had 150,000 cobs.

—Judge J. S. Cothran has gone to New York to put himself under treatment of an eminent specialist. His health has been impaired for some time, and the Greenville and Abbeville doctors have been unable to help him.

—Near Kingstree, a little colored boy was sent to hold a mule to pasture, and tied the halter around his waist.

The mule took fright and for two miles dragged the boy through woods. The rope broke and the child when found was unconscious and soon died.

—The much discussed question as to Greenville's liability for her pro rata of certain mules and scrapers bought by Abbeville county at a cost of \$5,000 about the time the new county of Greenville was formed, has been decided in favor of Greenville by the commissioners on division of property. Abbeville must assume it all. The Edgefield commissioners voted with those from Greenville.

—Farmer C. A. Smith, of York county, began experimenting with celery a few years ago. At first he attempted only a small patch and met with only success enough to encourage him to keep trying. He kept on enlarging his crop and found ready sale for it in Yorkville, Chester and Rock Hill. This year he has an acre in cultivation, and at a low estimate the crop on it will be worth not less than ten bales of cotton.

—"Uncle" William Rose has hosts of friends among the white people, who have a very tender regard for him, the veteran of three wars. He was very much touched to-day at receiving official notice from R. S. DesPortes, Jr., of his election as an honorary member of Camp Maxey Gregg, Sons of Confederate Veterans. He was Maxey Gregg's faithful body guard and servant during the war.—Columbia Record, 28th ult.

—S. A. Harrell, of Winona, has in his possession the tusks of a wild hog killed by him some time ago in the Pee Dee swamp. The tusks measured 7 1/2 inches in length and were dangerous looking weapons. Several attempts had been made before to kill the hog, which resulted in the hog's killing several dogs. This time, however, Mr. Harrell and one dog did the work, but not until the dog had been cut nearly half in two. After being dressed the hog weighed nearly 200 pounds.

—At W. C. McKenzie & Co's. store may be seen a relic worth looking at. One day this week one of our sturdy yeomanry, who had come to town to sell cotton, went into the above store to get something for a lunch. Seeing a stack of boxes of those "little fishes boiled in oil," he proceeded to fill up with them. It took seven boxes and a half to fill his spacious craw. He then offered to bet that he could eat eight more of them if any one would pay for them. The bet was not taken up. As he did not eat the boxes, they have hung there together as a necklace.—Piedmont Sun.

—On last Sunday afternoon Mr. B. P. Duncan and Miss Addis took a buggy ride together. On returning to the home of the young lady's father, Mr. Andrew Addis, Mr. Duncan went to alight from the buggy. In the act of doing so, a pistol fell from his pocket, and in the attempt to catch the weapon it was fired, the ball taking effect in the legs of Miss Addis, slightly wounding the right and severely wounding the left leg. Dr. J. W. Bell was summoned to render surgical attention. He probed for the ball, but could not get it. The young lady will doubtless suffer a great deal before she gets over the injury. Young men should have better manners than to carry concealed weapons when in the company of young ladies.—Kroner Courier.

The Talk of an Old Man.

SPARTANBURG, October 28.—An old man's thoughts often turn to the old days and the old ways, and he is excusable if at times he exclaims, "The former days were better than these." All you have to do is to wind up one of these old-timers now and then and give him attention. He may not convince you that there is a steady degeneration going on in all departments of business, but he will make you believe that certain so-called progressive steps are backward steps.

One of these old fellows was in a reminiscence mood a few days ago and he began to talk as if his vocal organs had been oiled up somewhat. For an hour he chewed tobacco and talked somewhat after this style:

"Well, you boys think you are all-fired smart these days, and that you know ten times as much as your daddies and granddies did fifty to seventy-five years ago. Maybe you do know more about poker and pool and raising checks, as you call it, and how to sneak around and hunt blind tigers and still houses, and pollute your bodies with foul diseases than the old Andersons and Barrys, and Moores and Seruggses, and Littlejohns and Cannons and Bomars, who settled this country years ago. You are very smart in some things, I admit. The morals of the country are no whit better. The opportunity has come for a man to do more good or more evil than he could do in the old days, and he improves the opportunity in both ways. Just consider how your so-called science has taught us to adulterate everything you eat, drink and wear. I remember back in the thirties when I bought New Orleans molasses half of it was sugar. Now there is not an ounce of sugar in a barrel. The West India molasses is doctored, so that one does not know what he is eating. And they say that even sugar is made of glucose and something else. The wool clothing shows little relationship to the sheep. Fine calfskin shoes are made of sheep skin and polish. Oak tan soles are made of paper with a leather facing. That was not the case in the old days. Honest weight, honest measure and everything just as represented. Flour was then made of wheat, and the shortening pure hog's fat. Then when it comes to liquor you boys don't know what you are drinking. Don't you see hearty, strong men going down to their graves, burnt out with the stuff they drink? Of course, the doctors are smart enough to call it something else. It is nervous exhaustion, liver trouble, or something else.

"You just go to any graveyard made since the war and lift out all the bodies that were put there by the sort of stuff they get to drink these days, and there would be many holes in it at cemetery. Whiskey manufacture in cellars at a cost of fifteen cents a gallon, or corn whiskey at the rate of four or five gallons to the bushel, would kill a hog. Oh, yes, you boys have improved the whiskey business wonderfully, and if you keep on with your science, by 1925 you can kill a young man in six months, whereas it takes about five or six years now to do the job in a decent way. Then you say that with your banks and New York exchange and loan associations you do business much faster than in former times. That may all be so, but I remember back in the forties when liens were unheard of and lightning mortgages not dreamed of; these were easy times. If one wanted to buy a negro or a piece of land he could borrow the money from a half dozen neighbors if he lacked a little. Now all the money is put in the banks, and it is generally drawn out long before it is put in. Great improvements to my boys are making. You will learn to do without money after awhile, and use nothing but checks. You will just have some great exchange centre, that will attend to all your business, and own you body and soul.

"Then, again, with your improved cooking stoves and ranges, and all the canned goods and the refinements of the kitchen, I somehow don't find anything that tastes as well as it did when cooked in the old way. I tell you, a plantation dinner, superintended by the mistress or her daughters and cooked in pots and ovens, just beat any of your hotel doings, dribbled out in little dishes. And then there are ten cases of dyspepsia to where we had one in the old times. We then lived pretty close up to nature, and that is the right way. Now you have to eat oatmeal and all sorts of waters, and then take tonics and all sorts of devilment, that would ruin the digestion of the biggest elephant that ever trapped with a show. When I was a boy we had no medicine except a bottle of camphor and a little spirit of turpentine. For the children there was a bottle of Batesman's drops, used very sparingly. Instead of Mellin's food and all such foolishness the children of rich people even were brought up on corn bread and pot liquor. If the mother did not give it the sensible cook did, and such children we had in those days. They were none of your little pale, bloodless, muling and puking things, but stout, sturdy little fellows, out of which men and women were made.

"I'm not trying to reform you men of these days. Things are going on in the present day until the end of the row is reached. I just felt like giving you all a little piece of my mind and stating that all wisdom is not lodged with you of this day and generation."—News and Courier.

—Charleston's Gala week has been postponed to December 13th, on account of the yellow-fever scare. It will be much better to go down when the weather gets colder.

Ended in Tragedy.

One night in a felon's cell in the State Penitentiary, with the prospect of spending the remainder of his life within those massive stone walls and grated doors and windows, proved too much of a strain for Stephen Bryant, a white convict who had just been received at the prison, to stand, and he has ended his life. He secreted a pair of scissors about his person while working in the hosiery mill on Thursday and during Thursday night he plunged them into his neck twice, fell over on the floor and died. His life blood quickly flowed out through the gaping wounds he had made. The guards discovered him just as he was breathing his last. The body lay as it was found on the cell floor, making a ghastly picture, until yesterday morning, when the coroner went down to the prison and gave a permit for the removal of the body. The story of the unfortunate man who has thus died by his own hand rather than face a life term in the prison is a readable one.

Only a short time ago Bryant was living quietly upon his farm in Marion County; close by lived another white farmer named Prevatt. It seems that one day Bryant's 12-year-old brother-in-law went over to visit Prevatt. Upon going home he told Bryant stories about the domestic affairs of Prevatt. When Prevatt heard of it he warned the boy, who later came to see him again and once more told tales. Then Prevatt gave the boy a moderate whipping. This made Bryant very angry, and getting his gun, he rode over to where Prevatt was working in his field. He called him up and asked him why he had whipped the boy. Prevatt fully explained the matter.

"Will you do so again?" demanded Bryant.

"If he gives me the same provocation," was the cool reply.

"Then take that, and that," shouted Bryant, as he discharged first one and then the other barrel of his gun at the head of Prevatt, almost tearing it off and killing him instantly.

At the trial, which took place in Marion and was ended last week, the evidence against Bryant was overwhelming, but on account of the plea of unsound mind, which was worked for all it was worth by the counsel for Bryant, the jury, while finding Bryant guilty, saw fit to recommend him to the mercy of the Court, thereby securing a life sentence for him instead of giving him death upon the scaffold.

Bryant was brought here to begin his life term in prison on Wednesday. He was put to work in the hosiery mill and given a comfortable cell in the main building. He managed to get through Wednesday night in his cell, and on Thursday appeared to be passive and resigned to his fate. He had then determined, however, to kill himself, for he watched his chance during the day and slipped a pair of scissors into his jacket while working in the mill. At 5.30 o'clock he was sent to his cell for the night. Nothing more was heard or thought of him until 10.30 o'clock at night. At night a "key man," a trusty convict, is kept in the corridor outside the main gate, to attend to the wants of the prisoners during the night in case they are sick or anything of that kind. On Thursday night convict Hunter was on this duty. In answering a call from one of the cells he had to pass by the cell occupied by Bryant. He heard a strange gurgling sound in the cell and notified the guard.

Corporal Smith came quickly and the cell was opened. A revolting scene was presented. On the floor lay Bryant breathing his last; the body lay in a pool of the man's life blood, which was still flowing from a gaping wound on the left side of his neck. He died in a very few moments. Still tightly clinched in his hand were the scissors with which he had ended his earthly career.

Straightening the body out the corporal and the guard one more looked the door and left the building to await the coming of day. Then Coroner Green was notified and in a short time he was at the prison. He entered the cell and saw enough to convince him that it was a case of self-destruction and that it was not necessary to hold an inquest. Accordingly he granted a permit for the burial of the body and it was removed to the prison morgue.—Columbia State, Oct. 30.

Excursion Rates to State Fair.

The twenty-ninth annual Fair of the State Agricultural and Mechanical Society will be held Nov. 8-12, 1897, and the Southern Railway with its usual liberality has arranged to take care of the great crowds that are expected to visit Columbia during the week. Tickets are to be sold for round trip from Nov. 6th to 12th inclusive, with final limit Nov. 15th, from points named as follows:

Anderson, \$4.00; Piedmont, Pelzer, and Williamston, \$4.40; Belton, \$4.30; Honea Path, \$4.05; Donalds, \$3.55.

Tickets will be sold on the 10th and 11th of November, with final limit November 14th, as follows:

Anderson, \$3.20; Piedmont, Pelzer, Williamston, and Belton, \$3.00; Honea Path and Donalds, \$2.80.

On Wednesday and Thursday, November 10th and 11th, a special train will run from Anderson to Columbia and return. This train will leave Anderson each day at 5.30 a. m., and, returning, will leave Columbia at 6.30 p. m.

All rates quoted include fifty cents to cover an admission to the Fair Grounds.

—A French physician has proved to a certainty that the contagious period in whooping cough comes previous to the appearance of the "whoop." Now the questions arise how are children to be guarded against the contagion and of what use is it to quarantine them against going to school after "whoop" has made it evident that they have the disease? Physicians are now studying these new problems.

War on Wagons.

The State is not satisfied with the effective concession it secured from the railroads in getting them to boycott the O. P. shops and refuse their loose shipments, but has come down on the wagons, and will hold-up and seize all wheeled vehicles drawn by horse, mule or other animals which carry liquor to and supply the O. P. competition.

The Governor takes the position that wagons and like vehicles are not common carriers in the legal sense of that phrase and cannot therefore transport liquor into this State under Judge Simonton's decision as the railroads are allowed to do.

So the interesting question has been brought up now as to whether or not a wagon is not as much of a common carrier as a steamed vehicle. This knotty legal question will have to be cracked by the courts and in its cracking much litigation is likely to be brought about.

Since wagons and such like vehicles were less than a century ago the only "carriers" on land, to show how they have been superseded by the law as to railroads will properly prove interesting and instructive.

Such a question has likely never been raised before in this country and around its solution will centre the deepest interest.

Governor Ellerbe yesterday received the following:

LAURENS, S. C., Oct. 30.
Governor W. H. Ellerbe:

I have seized four wagons and teams loaded with original package liquor sent by E. L. O'Connor to his agent at Laurens. Must I hold liquor and wagons? Answer.

A. P. SULLIVAN,
Deputy Sheriff.

Governor Ellerbe replied an affirmative reply.

In speaking of the matter Governor Ellerbe said he authorized the seizure on the ground that wagons were not common carriers under the decision of Judge Simonton as to "O. P." shipments.

The Laurens liquor will be shipped to the State dispensary and confiscated as has been done with other contraband stuff heretofore.

The seizure develops a brand new point in the O. P. situation, involving the construction of the phrase "common carrier," and as a great deal of liquor is coming into the State all along the borders via the wagon routes it is likely that these seizures will open up a new field of litigation which will be second in importance only to the first tidal wave which was precipitated by the difference of opinion between the O. P. men and the State as to the legal construction of the term "original package."—Columbia Register.

Terrible Tragedy in Pickens.

GREENVILLE, October 28.—News reached the city to-night of a shocking tragedy in Pickens County. J. T. Burdine, a Baptist preacher, while in a drunken frenzy, shot and killed his wife, and then shot himself, it is supposed fatally. It appears that he had been on a spree for several days. Today, without warning, he drew his revolver and shot his wife through the brain, killing her almost instantly. Somewhat sobered by the deed, and realizing his crime, he placed the muzzle of the pistol to his own head and fired. He fell by the side of his dead wife. The shooting attracted the attention of members of the family, and the alarm was given and neighbors collected. The excitement and indignation of the community was intense, and only the fact that it was the belief that Burdine would die saved him from lynching. Mrs. Burdine is a sister of Major Stewart, Clerk of Court of Pickens County, a family of the highest respectability. Mr. Burdine always had the respect of the community in which he lived. Unfortunately he became a victim to the drink habit. When sober he was a kind and affectionate man, and well liked. The killing was at or near Pumpkin Town, about ten miles from Pickens Court House. It appears from the feeling of the people of Pickens that if he recovers from his wound he will be lynched.

A Confederate Gourmet.

To the Editor of the News and Courier:

In the issue of your paper on the 25th you say: "If any reader of the News and Courier eat rats during the war you would like to hear from him," etc. 'Tis a true bill.

After the first battle of Fredericksburg, Va., some time during that winter, our company (F, 7th, S. C. V., Kershaw's Brigade) did picket duty on the Rappahannock River, in the town of Fredericksburg, as did other companies and regiments in our division. At one time our company was posted in a large stone or brick building, which had been a manufacturing establishment of some kind. The machinery had all been taken out, and at one end of this building there was a corn mill, (not in use then) and in this part of the building we found rats without end and very large. Some one in the company suggested we catch some of them and eat them. No sooner said than done. How many we caught and eat I don't remember now. It was not that we were so short of rations at that time, but a change of grub was very much wanted. As I remember it now I would eat bullfrogs rather than rats. I